



PINE GROVE POEMS.
ELLEN RICKER FREEMAN
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1901



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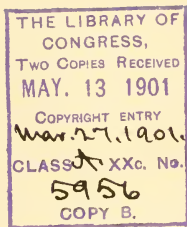
PINE GROVE POEMS.

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BY
ELLEN RICKER FREEMAN.

CINCINNATI, O.,
1901.

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DEDICATED
TO
MY GRANDSON,
FRANK AND PAUL,
FREEMAN.

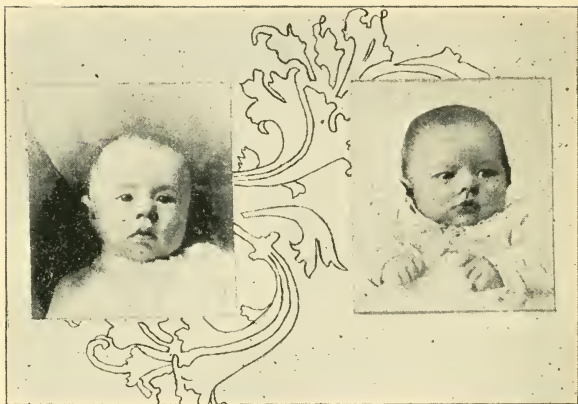


PINE GROVE IN TREES.

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FRANK AND PAUL.

FRANK AND PAUL.

AT evening time my thoughts will go
To you in lands afar,
Near lofty mountain peaks of snow
That pierce the cloud drift bar.

Within this world to help unreel
Its tangled web and mesh,
Your nerves are finely tempered steel
In living marble flesh.

With eyes like flashing diamond mines
Of deep and dreamy thought,
Your lives can make bright star designs
Upon life's heaven wrought.

Your names may ring in coming times
For actions brave and grand,
As evening bells ring out their chimes
Far over all the land.

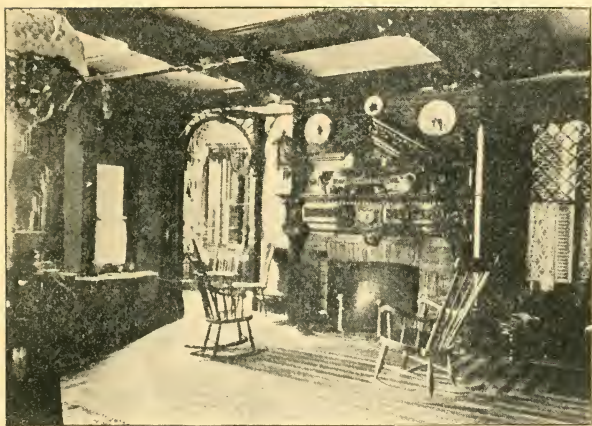
Or thrill the world with martial notes,
Where brave men, fighting, fall,
When over battlefield there floats
The ring of bugle call.

Out on life's roaring ocean crest,
Where struggle onward all,
Will sound the names we love the best—
Brave Frank and fearless Paul.

PINE GROVE CHRISTMAS.

LET surging wild winds dash and rave
And lash the mountains like a wave.
Where earth and sky meet lasting snow,
Then rush to warmer plains below ;

Where, driving on through lands of weeds,
They burst forth myriads of seeds,
And break each little prison door
With angry knock and haughty roar.



WIDE-BEAMED HALL

Then, swift as flashing cars on steel
Whirl fast the lightning air mobile ;
Through clouds they come, the dear ones
all—

Our Frank and little brother Paul.

Then cousin Walter with Charles came,
On fast sky over line the same ;
They came from Denver's sun and shine
In old Ohio home to dine.

They sailed through deep air-billow seas,
With cousin dear Florence Louise
And friends to laugh the happy hours
They dine among the Christmas flowers,

While golden light through stained glass
walls
On old and young together falls,
And little wreaths of green are where
Some loved one left a "vacant chair."

Now, this is children's festive day.
Around the Christmas tree they play,
And while the yule logs slowly burn
Their minds to olden stories turn :

How wise men came from wilds afar
And followed one great blazing star ;
On camels, over sands they came,
A little child to bless and claim.

They thought, while worlds forever rolled
The Christ-child story would be told,
And some may doubt and others fear,
Yet Christmas will come once a year.

In wide-beamed hall to clasp each hand,
Grandma and Aunt together stand,
And while their guests take airship flight
Bid each a Christmas kind good-night.



THE OLD FREEMAN WRITING DESK.
"Win glory with the pen."



PINE GROVE NEW YEAR.

TRUE loving, bravest ones,
Watch on, the midnight through.
When last the hour-glass runs,
The old year crowns the new.

On swords the knights of old
Pledged faith another year
In jeweled cups of gold,
Swung high, with lusty cheer.

Yet you, one modern knights,
Must kiss the two-edged sword,
And strike for highest rights.
Then pledge your honored word

In life wine pure and strong—
For wine of brave hearts binds—
Then dare to dash along
Through all the fiercest lines.

Win glory with the pen ;
 No more life's record mar
With deeds of valiant men
 Who fell in deadly war.

Yet rush to gain the fight,
 As conq'ring hero strives ;
To battle for the right
 This New Year pledge your lives.

THE NEW CENTURY.

THE brave new Century is here,
And cannons roar a hearty cheer.

With flying flags and sword in hand
She comes to give the new command,

As round her head the sword she whirls
And leads us on to conquer worlds.

Yet, not with sword that strikes to kill,
But mighty force of human will,

That chains the winds and lightnings
down

When genius wears the rightful crown.

Ay, worlds on worlds will then be ours,
With trees and birds and tropic flowers.

When ships along the great air plains
Will sail above the snows and rains.

Here we can dine, and live in Mars—
Our world a lunch-room for the stars.

The poor old century gave lands
We had to till with our weak hands.

No steam to plow or mow the fields,
Nor ships or sky or land mobiles ;

Electric lights, dip candles then
That lit the dark log-cabin den.

With hard times we are ever done,
The higher life has now begun.

With equal rights that make us free
On earth and stars, in air and sea.

The better ways are here in time,
And highest heights we yet will climb,

When far our country's flag unfurls
And waves around the starry worlds.

With plodding ways of old we're through,
And cheer the century that's new.

PINE GROVE SUNSET.

THE sun is shining low
In waves of burning gold.
Where deep the cloud drifts glow
Far down wide portals old,

Are banners flying gay ;
Their bars of reddest rose,
With stars of pearl and gray
Until the twilight's close.



PINE GROVE SUNSET ON OHIO RIVER.

There, where that blue cloud nods
 Through rainbow curtain folds,
They serve a feast for gods
 And read the human souls.

Our friends receive tonight
 In palace wrought of sky.
The streets are mirrors bright,
 With chariots swinging by.

We are invited there,
 Within that gorgeous clime;
And castles made of air
 Are ours for coming time.

Now bright eyes smile on you
 In gay, fast moving crowds;
We all are passing through
 The gates of sunset clouds.

NEW CENTURY HEROES.

THROUGH rose-cloud gates of morn-
ing gray

Now breaks the glowing future day.

Ring wild the bells of coming time

With tones of sweetest golden chime,

As on they come with drum and beat,

The steady march of youthful feet.

They come with banners wide unfurl'd

To fight the battles of the world.

We feel the distant trembling jar

Like ocean beating on the bar.

They come with flags and cannon's roar
And all the panoply of war,
As on they come with plume and crest.
Oh, Country take them to your breast !
Let all this free and gracious land
Take our young heroes by the hand.
They bravely will life's battle run,
And conquer where we have not won.
They are our future—they are all—
With them we stand or with them fall.

They onward press in fiercest fight
For principles of truth and right,
In moral warfare will decide
Against the wrong, and stem the tide ;
While hearts ablaze with glory burn
Our battle flags will safe return.
As on they come from far and near
The grand New Century is here.

PINE GROVE EVENING.

THE white moonbeams are darkly hid
By drift of passing night.
Our old farm home is gleaming 'mid
This soft and pallid light.

The great stone well with sweep of gray
Like waving ghostly arm,
Will mirror back your face by day
With all its wealth of charm.



EVENING TEA.

The stars are shining deep down there
Like some lost diamond crown,
As though the laughing angels dare
To throw their jewels down.

A sky of stars hangs out afar
Their light with shadow weaves,
And evening winds, onrushing, mar
The ground-strewn orchard leaves.

The gay-leaved Spring soon fades away
In Autumn's quiet mien ;
Where swung the corn in tasseled fray
There hangs a golden sheen.

And our old home is changed with time ;
No more the evening teas
We take with song and mirth and rhyme
Beneath the Pine Grove trees.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

O UR President—the country's pride—
To “ White House ” now again does
ride ;

Not as in Rome's grand days of old,
In chariots of burnished gold,
And captives chained to horses heels ;
Our nation crowds his carriage wheels,
While brave old soldiers lead the van :
He rides as great American.

And while he rides in stately grace,
With horses reined to suited pace,
From far and near the people greet.
They cheer from balcony and street,
And ever wish him, in life's boat,
On highest foam crest wave to float,
And while our greatest country lives
Have all the honors that she gives.

QUEEN VICTORIA

GREAT Britain's queen has crossed
life's sea,

Its dashing waves and flashing sheen.
No more afar on wild winds free
Will ring, "Long live Victoria, Queen."

She lies within her castle gray
With sweet and saintly sleeping face,
And, eyes fast closed, she seems to pray
Beneath her veil of thinnest lace,

While all around the world kneels down.
For she was Queen, the good and great.
She wore the ermine robe and crown,
And guarded well the nation's fate.

A woman--yet she fought and won ;
An empire made of her vast lands,
Where never sets the shining sun
From polar star to southern strands.

Oh, woman! in this new world wide,
Call clear these words in clarion notes :
Be brave and true, and wisely guide
And guard your country with your votes.

That vote--all powerful and grand !
It gives to man a royal mien ;
It is the word of great command,
And makes you each a sceptered queen.

QUEEN MARGHARITA.

NOW mourns the queen in cloister
home,
Within the dusky walls of Rome ;
And monks along the Apian way
With sad eyes count their beads and pray.

The king is dead ; his flags draped down.
He wore the nation's honored crown.
Then he was crowned a monarch great
With love of one, his loyal mate.

In Marco's old venetian halls,
Where rare gems shine on jeweled walls,
And after feast from vine and tree—
With wines from crypts beneath the sea—

The king and queen stood, gala day,
In swan-carved, white-winged gondola,
With glass spun far on every side,
Like diamonds flashing on the tide.

The people shout and wildly greet
From each bright water winding street,
Oh, Queen of Venice, bride of sea,
“ Viat Regina Vetene.”

Now mourns the queen, and dirges ring :
Great Rome has lost a gracious king.
We mourn with her in lands apart,
The queen has lost a loving heart.

CALVIN PEARL TITUS.

HURRAH for Titus on the wall!
Hear all the nations cheer and call.
On Chinese wall he bravely stands,
And waves our banner in his hands.
That flag on high embattlement
To all the world the word has sent
That Oriental rule and might
Have given way to truth and right.

That flag on wall or sea or lands
Is upheld by our country's hands.

In one great voice of mighty war
A wild shout rings from near and far.

Oh, men who toil in cities' marts,
And hide the glory in your hearts,

Or crush the earth for love of gold,
With love of country growing cold,

To battle line in spirit fall,
And cheer brave Titus on the wall ;
For while to winds our banner flies
He stands before the nation's eyes ;
And all along life's rushing tide
He will be called the soldier's pride ;
When he and life are dashed apart,
He lives within his country's heart.

BRAVE AMERICANS.

WHILE the wide world's cannon roar,
Fighting men push from our shore,
Climbing up the Chinese wall,
Rushing forward in its fall,
Through grim clouds of ages' dust
Floats the banner that we trust
And we know will always wave
Where we have a life to save.
Over walls of Prince Tuan
Goes the brave American.

For the blood of our descent
We have dared the Orient,
With its cities, walled and old,
And its idols, bronze and gold,
With the romance and the rhyme
Of its gorgeous eastern clime,
There we have our flag unfurled
For our country and the world.
Over walls of Prince Tuan
Goes the brave American.

MOUNTAIN BARDS.

RING out your bugle notes of song
From rift of cloud on snowy crag,
Run all the battle lines along
And wave on high our country's flag.

Sing we from green Ohio hills
And know the earth in smaller things,
“La belle rivere” glides in rills
And breaks in flecks and froths in
rings.

Now sounds the rap and tap of drum,
With lyddite shells in shrieking fray,
And marching men to battle come ;
A song from you will gain the day.

Then sound your cymbals o'er the sea,
Ring in the right and crush the wrong,
The captives save and Conger free ;
Ring out your bugle notes of song.

THE POETS.

AS lightning flash can message speak
From mountain peak to mountain
peak,

The poets lightning means can find
To flash a thought from mind to mind ;

For they can paint in words of fire
The roar of battle rising higher,

And world's great deeds in colors bright
With heroes standing out in light.

They take you to that land of dreams,
And Paris splendor life-like seems,

See all world's grandeur at her feet,
And hear the voices in the street.

The poets can through ways unknown
Send song into your heart alone.

When mind through space as lightning
flies,
It paints the thoughts before your eyes.

COLORADO.

COUNTLESS stars that ever turn
See with eyes that tender yearn,
Colorado from afar.
Shout her name from star to star,
Shout through space to worlds untold,
Sing her heart of glowing gold,
Mountains white and waving plain,
Grassy billow-rolling main,
Cities quaint, whose walls outline
Grand old castles on the Rhine.

Then the winds that loudly shriek
Over gorge and mountain peak,
Rushing on from sea to sea,
Knowing all earth's mystery,
Talked with stars through many nights
Of our Colorado's rights ;
Made her rank above the land,
Placed a scepter in her hand ;
Stars and winds around her swirled,
Crowning her queen of the world.

PINE GROVE NIGHT.

○ H, lovely Night, with jewels rare !
Flash your tiara, bright with stars ;
Shine out your gems and crescent fair,
And blaze the ruby light of Mars.

Eternal day with shadow blend
In light and shade from sea to sea ;
These worlds of beauty have no end,
For us the land of stars is free.

A home for all not made with hands
This sparkling everlasting crown,
We long to break these earthly bands
When flashes all this splendor down,

And dip in rosy light our oars,
For well we know from all the past,
While drifting on to starry shores,
We're bound for something made to last.

We see the lights from windows far,
My loved ones look into the skies,
The light of home shines from a star;
Your mansions are before your eyes.

I soon must try the great unseen,
In far away to ever rove;
Must leave these trees of evergreen,
And bid good-bye to dear Pine Grove.



PINE GROVE.
THE OLD RICKEE HOMESTEAD,
CLERMONT COUNTY, O.

TO ALL
MY LOVED ONES

Stars, the night time burning
 In sweet, lucid light,
Angel eyes, fond-yearning
 Through the veil of night,
Are eachother telling
 Loving thoughts and true
That are now upwelling
 In my heart to you.

L. of G.



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